

# DEFINITIONS BY HOWARTH.

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.



# QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE ANSWERED BY

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She Should Not Go Alone.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Would it be proper for a young lady to go to see a young man who is quite ill in a hospital? They are very good friends. Also, what would be proper to take to him? EDNA MAY.

THE young lady might make a call upon the gentleman provided she were accompanied by an older lady. It would not do for her to go alone.

She might take fruit or flowers, or, if he is able to read, an interesting book.

Proper French Pronunciations.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Will you kindly give me the pronunciation of "Coquelin"? Also, if card to commencement exercises cannot be accepted, is it necessary to send regrets? If so, what form? GREBB.

COQUELIN. Write in the third person: "Miss Brown regrets extremely her inability to accept Mr. Jackson's polite invitation to attend the commencement exercises at —," naming the day and the hour.

At the Dinner Table.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: How do olives conveyed from their dish to one's plate? Are they eaten from the fingers? Are radishes eaten in the same way? Is it improper to use the fingers in eating asparagus? FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this fancy blouse in medium size 1-1/2 yards of material 21 inches wide, 1-1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 1-1/4 yards 22 inches wide or 1-1/4 yards 24 inches wide will be required, with 2-1/4 yards of all-over lace and 10 yards of velvet ribbon, to trim as illustrated. To cut the five-gored skirt 10-1/2 yards of material 21 inches wide, 10-1/4 yards 22 inches wide, 9-1/4 yards 24 inches wide.



The waist pattern (366, sizes 32 to 40) will suit for 10 cents. The skirt pattern (366, sizes 22 to 30) will suit for 10 cents. Both patterns, 20 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Building, New York City."

# THE WORLD.

VOL. 42 NO. 14575.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 63 PARK ROW, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

# DAMASCUS STEEL—A NEWS ITEM TO SET US THINKING.

Gov. Shaw, of Iowa, has just released a man named Dawson from the penitentiary, where he was serving a long sentence for murder, because he claims—and capitalists believe him—that he has rediscovered the art of making Damascus steel.

This news item suggests to us that, with all our pride of progress, invention and discovery, there were many things which they were able to do 2,000 years ago, in such places as old Damascus, that we cannot do to-day.

Sheffield steel is an English boast, but it will not bear the atmosphere of India without gilding. Yet the Damascus blades used in the Crusades were not gilded, and they are as bright and keen to-day as they were eight centuries ago. There was one shown at the London Exhibition in 1862, the point of which could be made to touch the hilt, and which could be put into a scabbard like a corkscrew and bent every way without breaking. The best steel in the world to-day does not come from either Europe or America, but from the Punjab.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of the Crusaders" describes a meeting between Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin, in which the English monarch is made to think that Saladin practises the black art, because the latter takes an eiderdown pillow from the sofa and causes it to fall in two pieces by drawing his keen blade across it. Travellers to-day in India tell of seeing Hindoos throw handfuls of floss silk into the air and cut them in pieces with their fine-edged sabres. There is no steel made in Western workshops of that quality.

Again, the use of microscopes of more-than-modern power in ancient Egypt, Persia and Greece is fairly presumable, because there is a gem shown at Parma, once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, the engraving whereon is 2,000 years old, and which reveals the figures of seven women only with the aid of a strong magnifying glass.

Another instance! The buried city of Pompeii was a city of stucco. The exteriors of the walls of all its buildings were stucco, and the stucco was stained with Tyrian purple—the royal color of antiquity. The city has been buried 1,800 years; yet whenever the walls of one of its houses are dug out the royal purple flames up to view with a great deal richer hue than any we can produce. Evidently the Pompeians possessed a secret for making fast colors that we have not.

Our architects are well aware that their ancient predecessors knew some things that are mysteries to them. Look, for example, at the stupendous work of the Egyptian builders of the Nile temples. It almost passes belief that the blocks of granite used in building those wonderful structures could have been handled at all and lifted into their places. Many of the stone slabs forming the roof of the great Temple of Karnak weighed upward of fifty tons, and some of them are believed to weigh from 100 to 300 tons each. Yet all those huge stones were set without mortar, and to-day, after all the centuries that have passed since they were placed, they are found to be jointed with such accuracy that the blade of a knife cannot be forced between them.

Are we not too prone to assume that Wisdom had no children worthy of her until we appeared upon the scene?

# MEN WHO STUCK TO THE SHIP.

Among the heroes to whom the average boy is earliest introduced is the man who sticks to his ship. He appears as the central figure in all sorts of stories, according to the literary taste of the boy. But whether he comes with the lurid dime novel or with the stirring true tale of the sea, he so looms to the imagination that he holds a warm place in memory even when the boy has grown into a man.

There are a number of good reasons why this particular hero lives so steadily in the imagination. The best reason is that he lives in fact and that he steps out before the world just often enough to keep unbroken the inspiration of his example.

Incidentally, he has just stepped out again. This time there are four of him—a captain and three loyal sailors. Off from a war-ship scurried in battle? Not a bit of it. Off from a big liner, whence they had seen every last passenger depart in safety? Oh, no. Just off from a plain, dismantled, dismantled schooner that had been three-masted and that carried a hold-load and deck-load of Georgia pine.

But there were the four heroes just the same. It wasn't the stuff they carried that counted, but the stuff they were made of. Tired and worn with three days' buffetings on the high seas, rescued boat and all after having four times refused to be rescued without the boat, there they are—Men who stuck to the Ship! Every boy's eyes up and every man's hat off to Capt. Francis and his crew of the Theoline, bound from Brunswick to Boston, wrecked off Hatteras and towed to this friendly port!

log. He could not see to the end of it, but he thought that he heard voices. The morning was girted about with a black cloud and the sun came with a burst, and down the log he saw a woman and a man.

"Good morning," said Bill. The woman looked about, and with a start he recognized the hillside creature who had set her bare feet upon his heart.

"What, Lisa, is that you?" "Nothin' shorter," replied the girl. "And what brought you down here?" "Why, I 'lowed mebbe you wanted some of them pies I used to make." "Well, if you've got 'em right handy pass me over one." She brought him a pie and smiled upon him as he ate it. "Who's your friend asked." "I don't know. Him and me hit the log about the same time."

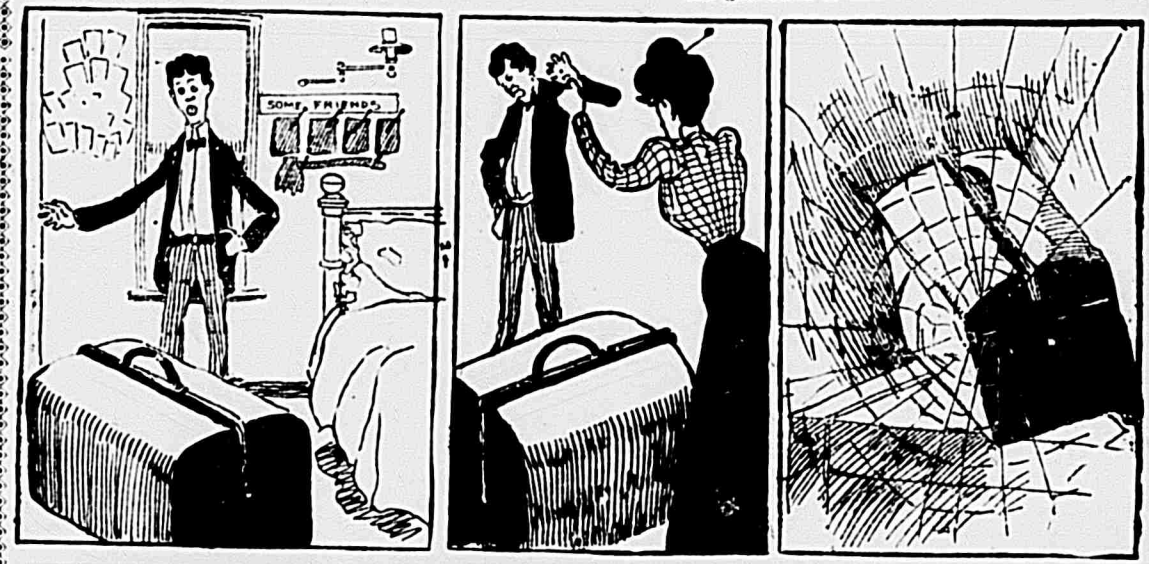
# THE VACATION VALISE.

By WILL LAWLER.



George wants a little six-by-eight hand bag to reinforce his trunk when he goes on his vacation. He essays to borrow such a satchel, but his generous friend forces on his acceptance a hypertrophied Gladstone. George is too polite to sidestep.

He lugs the Gargantuan bag homeward amid the delighted comments of the public, and arrives there perspiring and exhausted. Each step makes him fonder and fonder of his generous friend.



The bag takes up so much of his room that he has to put his shoes out in the hall.

And arouses the wrath of his mother, who sternly condemns it to the attic.



Twelve months later, when George unearths the bag by accident, it looks like a cross between a rainy St. Patrick's Day and the Last Hours of a Misspent Life. He sends it back to his friend by a messenger, who is warmly greeted. George's picture in that happy home now reposes with its face toward the wall, and there is a vacant chair he is never asked to hold down.

# THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

The Shirt-Waist Man Versus the Shirt-Waist Girl. To the Editor of The Evening World: I beg leave to reply to the letter signed "Anti-Vulgarity." In answer to what "Anti-Vulgarity" says about "the shirt-waist man who comes into a crowded car or train," I should like to ask if the shirt-waist man is any worse than the shirt-waist woman in this respect. There is no reason to condemn a shirt-waist man. J. E. T.

A Floating Island. To the Editor of The Evening World: If Carrie Nation should contemplate a visit to Staten Island she should charter the remains of the tub Northfield. The past storms which we have had have placed the West New Brighton street with the twenty-two grades in such a condition that pedestrians are compelled to go two blocks out of their way of the different ponds to escape wet feet. It's pretty high time that some of our so-called engineers granted relief to the people of Burgher Avenue and placed the street in proper condition. J. H. SELDEN.

Menace to Children. To the Editor of The Evening World: Why do the people stand for such wholesale killing of children through the carelessness of brewery drivers? Still they are allowed to keep this record up. This should be stopped. Let the public insist on justice. MOTHER OF CHILDREN.

The Ignorance of Policemen. To the Editor of The Evening World: I notice that many policemen are more ignorant than the night. The best they can do is to give one information concerning the street and avenue one wants to go to. Maybe they can sing all the popular songs and have the flitting crane, but that seems to include the extent of their powers often. The trouble is the policeman has too much of a "clench" in taking his examination. Some readers will not believe what I say, but let him find out for himself. There is nothing like self-conviction. LOUIS A. KERPER.

A Hard-Hearted Druggist. To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to ask readers what they think of this druggist. I suddenly felt very ill—I suppose it was on account of the heat—and went down to a drug store. I told him I felt very bad and asked him to give me some medicine. He advised me to take magnesia. I asked him how much it was. He said 15 cents. But, my sorrow, I had only 10 cents with me. I asked him, "Oh, mister, will you please let me have that for 10 cents, as I have not any more?" "No, you cannot have it," he said. "Oh, readers, I felt I was dying and that shark had no feeling!" A BLOND GIRL.

MERCENARY CUPID. I was once wealthy. Dan Cupid I would bribe (A highwayman so stealthy, immortalized by scribe). To invade a verdant garden When the stars are all aglow And steal from pretty Helen A love as pure as snow. But, alas! my purse is vacant And its lord is sore dismayed. For Dan will not steal Helen's heart Unless he is well paid. —Royd Eastwood Morrison, in Philadelphia Press.



Mr. Caterpillar—What became of your husband, Mrs. Roach? Mrs. Roach—The poor fellow lost his life in a blizzard of insect powder.

AN UNTIMELY END.

pronounced the ceremony, but at the close, in stepping back to make a bow, his heels flew upward and he fell into the river. "Save him, Bill," the girl cried. "Yes, but wait a minute. Don't let us be in a rush. Let us first find out how we stand. We don't know how far we've got to go, and you'd better look in 'you basket an' see if you've got pies enough for him too." "All right, I'll leave the household affairs to you," said the girl. "The Justice was saved. I owe it to you," he said to the girl. "And I want to thank you." "Yes, Judge," she replied, "you owe it to me, for if you had drowned that wouldn't a been no proof of the marriage, an' that would a made the status of the eternal what's name look sick, wouldn't it?"

# THE HEART-WINNING PIES.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) HILLSIDE creature, who during the most of the year were no where, hurt the heart of Lank Bill, and he swore that thenceforth woman might safely number him among her enemies. Finally the hillside creature seeing that Bill was arising into sentimentalism, thought that surely she must have made a mistake in rejecting him. Bill, fearing that she was seeking to play a trick upon his emotions, struck a trot for freedom. By the time he halted upon him had come the resolve to leave the neighborhood. So, the next day, with his belongings tied in a red bandanna handkerchief, he moved down to the lowlands. At a little distance from the banks of a river now the morning was girted about with a black cloud and the sun came with a burst, and down the log he saw a woman and a man.

# DAILY LOVE STORY.

BY OPIE READ. "Who's your friend asked." "I don't know. Him and me hit the log about the same time."